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THE PROMISED SEED.

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P O E M,
HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO
Mr. COOPER,
AND HIS NUMEROUS FRIENDS.

WRITTEN FROM THE PRINCIPAL ARGUMENTS,
CONTAINED IN HIS FIRST SERMON,
PREACHED TO THE JEWS AT
SION - CHAPEL.

*"And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be
blessed."* Gen. xxii. 18.

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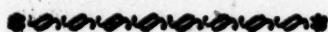
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THE
PROMISED SEED.

A Poem.



WHILE others aim the world's applause to win,
To catch the breath of unsubstantial Fame,
COOPER 'tis thine to check the pow'r of Sin,
And vindicate th' insulted Saviour's name.

While vain pursuits engage our thoughtless Youth,
And golden dreams the multitude pursue,
Thine is the task to enforce each Gospel truth,
To the loose Gentile, and the stubborn Jew!

Oh, Abraham's sons! the joyous sound attend,
Nor let the voice of prejudice prevail;
Hear ye the universal sinner's friend,
And bid the long-neglected Jesus hail!

Did not your sires prophetick erst foretell,
 The great Messiah, in the course of days,
 Should yield his life, to snatch your race from hell,
 And ev'ry poor believing sinner raise.

The Patriarch cried, in inspiration's hour,
 " Thy sceptre, Judah, never shall depart,
 Nor 'twixt thy feet a legislative Power,
 Till Shiloah comes, rich blessings to impart."

And is he come; or is the promise vain?
 Is not your Shiloah our Messiah, say?
 Or will you treat your fathers with disdain,
 Resolv'd in Error's darkest paths to stray?

Boast you a City or a Sceptred Prince?
 Or bow you to a Lawgiver's high sway?
 What Ruler have you, who, with proud pretence,
 Asserts his claim, and bids your Tribes obey?

Lo! Salem's tow'rs, beneath the Roman arm,
 In smould'ring ruins on the plain descend!
 Thro' all the nations spreads the dire alarm,
 And favour'd Judah's boasted glories end.

Yet has the page of revelation said,
 Ere fell Destruction should its work complete;
 The Prince of Peace, born of an holy maid,
 The powerful sons of darkness should defeat.

That cloath'd in robes of frail mortality,
 The King of Glory should his heav'n forsake;
 Lay by the splendours of the deity,
 And weep, and wander for his people's sake!

A man of sorrow, and a child of woe,
 Unknowing where to rest his sacred head;
 Fore-doom'd the heaviest cares of life to know,
 And thro' each scene of sad misfortune led.

Depis'd by all, yet meek and lowly still,
 Unmov'd by vile reproach, or bitter scorn;
 Obedient to his heav'nly Father's will,
 And good for evil, zealous to return.

Ordain'd, at length, on the accursed tree,
 Among the wicked to resign his breath;
 To call down blessings on his enemy,
 And cry, "'tis finish'd," in the pangs of death.

That rugged thorns should tear his blessed brow,
 And the rude iron rend his hands and feet ?
 While, from his side the crimson stream should flow,
 And gall and vinegar his pure lips greet.

That men should his divided raiment claim,
 And lots should on his curious vest be cast;
 That in the tomb, among the sons of fame,
 His mangled body should be laid at last.

That no corruption should that body see,
 But rise triumphant from the shades of night,
 From ev'ry mortal imperfection free,
 To share the Father's throne, in glory bright!

Then, vain Captivity should captive lead;
 And, for rebellious mortals gifts receive;
 While o'er the nations should his truth be spread,
 That 'mongst them the eternal God might live.

Were in our Christ these prophecies fulfill'd?
 Say was he not of Virgin-mother born,
 When Shepherds heard in favour'd Bethlem's field,
 The Seraph's songs, on that auspicious morn !

And was he not to ev'ry grief a prey,
 A weary wand'rer thro' a world of wee?
 By all rejected in his little day,
 And sunk his head by sad misfortune low?

Patient of injuries, without a stain,
 Sentenced with sinners to the accursed tree?
 Transfix'd with wounds and wreathing in his pain,
 The mark of ridicule and infamy.

Th' unfeeling soldiers did his garments part;
 In wealthy Joseph's tomb his body lay;
 Thence rose triumphant over every art,
 Defrauding grim Corruption of his prey.

O ancient records, sacred and profane,
 Declare our great Immanuel liv'd and died,
 According with your Prophet's hallow'd strain,
 By Jews and Christians never yet denied.

For your *First* holy Temple ever saw,
 The glory that the *Second* pile beheld,
 When the great Jesus magnified the law,
 And all the sacred place with wonder fill'd.

Resist ye still?—Ye Gentiles, or ye Jews,
 'Tis Grace alone must change the stubborn heart,
 For, both alike, the Saviour will refuse,
 Till the blest Spirit shall his pow'r impart.

And thou! undaunted Youth! with steadfast aim,
 Still urge thy course along the heavenly road;
 O! plead the merits of thy Jesu's Name,
 And shew the splendors of his bright abode!

For who shall say, the hour is distant far,
 When ev'ry Nation shall the Gospel own?
 Full soon, perhaps shall men no longer jar,
 But Christ shall reign o'er all, exalted and alone.



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